

*The Tragedie*

In the maine battell, whose puissance on either side  
Shall bee well winged with our chiefest force?  
This, and Saint George to boote, what thinkest thou not.  
*Nor.* A good direction warlike soueraigne, *He sheweth*  
This, found I one my tent this morning. *him a paper.*

*Jockey of Norfolk, be not so bold,  
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.*

*King.* A thing deuised by the enemy,  
Goe Gentlemen euery man vnto his charge,  
Let not our babling dreames affright our soules,  
Conscience is a word that cowards vse,  
Deuils deas first to keepe the strong in awe,  
Our strong armes be our consciences, our swords our lawe,  
March on, ioyne brauely, let vs too it pell mell,  
If not to heauen, then hand in hand to hell, *His oration*  
What shall I say more then I haue inord, *to his army.*  
Remember who you are in cope withall,  
A sort of vababonds, Rascals, and run-awayes,  
A scum of Brittaines, and base Jockey peasants,  
Whome their ore cloyed countrey vomits forth  
To desperate aduentures and assur'd destruction,  
You sleeping safe they bring you to vnrest:  
You hauing lands, and blest with beautilous wiuces,  
They would restraine the one, distaine the other,  
And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow?  
Long kept in Brittain at our mothers cost,  
A milke-sop one that neuer in his life  
Felt so much cold as ouer shooes in snow:  
Lets whip these straglers ore the seas againe,  
Lash hence these ouerweening rags of France,  
These famisht beggers weary of their liues,  
Who but for dreaming on this fond exploit,  
For want of meanes poore rats had hang'd themselves.  
If we be conquered let men conquer vs,  
And not these bastard Brittaines whom our fathers  
Haue in their owne land beaten, bob'd and thumpt,  
And on record left them the heire of shame.  
Shall these enioy our lands, lie with our wiuces?  
Rauish our daughters, harke I heare there drum,

*of Richard the Third.*

Right Gentlemen of England fight boldly yeomen,  
Draw Archers, draw you arowes to the head,  
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood,  
Anaze the welkin with your broken stauces,  
What saies Lord Stanley will he bring his power?

*Mes.* My Lord he doth deny to come.

*King.* Off with his sonne Georges head.

*Nor.* My Lord the enemy is past the marsh,  
After the battell let George Stanley die.

*King.* A thousand hearts are great with in my bosome,  
Advance our standards, set vpon our foes,  
Our ancient word of courage faire Saint George  
Inspire vs with the speene of fiery Dragons,  
Vpon them, victory sits one our helpe.

*Alarum excursions, Enter Catesby.*

*Cat.* Rescew my Lord of Norfolk, rescew rescew,  
The King enacts more wonders then a man,  
Daring an opposite to euery danger,  
His horse is slaine, and all one foote he fights,  
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death,  
Rescew, faire Lord, or else the day is lost. *Enter Richard.*

*King.* A horse, a horse my Kingdome for a horse.

*Cat.* Withdraw my Lord, he helpe you to a horse.

*King.* Slaue I haue set my life vpon a cast,  
And I will stand the hazard of the die,  
I thinke there be fixe Richmonds in the field,  
Fieue haue I slaine to day instead of him.  
A horse, a horse, my kingdome for a horse:

*Alarum, Enter Richard & Richmond, they fight, Richard is  
slaine then retrain being sounded. Enter Richmond. Darby  
bearing the Crowne with other Lords.*

*Rich.* God and your arme be praised victorious friends,  
The day is ours the bloudie dog is dead.

*Dar.* Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee,  
Loe heere this long vsurped royalties,  
From the dead temples of this bloudy wretch,  
Haue I pluckt off to grace thy browes with all,  
Weare it, and make much of it.

*Rich.* Great God of heanen say Amen to all,